Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE KNIGHT OF THE WAVING PLUME,

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

WHEN Richard Plantagenet, king of England, ſurnamed, from his coura e, Cœur de Lion, (the lion-hearted,) led his martial bands, animated by a religious or rather ſuperſtitious zeal, to redeem the Sacred Sepulchre from the hands of the barbarian Mahometans, who had violated its ſanctity, he was followed by John de Montfort, an Engliſh Knight of Norman deſcent, diſtinguiſhed for his bravery, his generoſity, and his piety. On his ſhield de Montfort bore the figure of the croſs, the ſymbol of the expedition in which he was engaged, and his helm was embelliſhed with a wide-ſpreading plume, from which he derived the appellation or title of the Knight of the Waving Plume. Under the victorious ſtandard of the Engliſh king, he ſignaliſed himſelf in the ſiege and at the ſurrender of Acre, and in the capture of Cæſarea and Jaffa. Ever amid the foremoſt aſſailants, he ſcattered diſmay among his enemies; and wherever his white plume waved, victory followed his ſteps, and his adverſaries found no ſafety but in flight.

One day, when after a long continued march, and unintermitting conteſt with the troops of Saladin, the Knight and his brave followers took ſome repoſe, it chanced that he walked out, without his ſhield, but otherwiſe completely armed, to the extremity of the camp, to view the neighbo ing country. To his great ſurpriſe he beheld a beauteous female, who, falling on her knees before him, thus addreſſed him, in imperfect but very intelligible Italian:

"Chriſtian Knight, for ſuch by your appearance you doubtleſs are, deign to extend your protection to a hapleſs woman whom Fortune perſecutes. The faith which you profeſs, and for the ſake of which you are clad in thoſe reſplendent arms, is mine. By birth a Greek, I early married a youth I loved, and accompanied him in a trading voyage he made to Venice; where on our return adverſe winds and a violent tempeſt drove us into the port of Jaffa, where we were made priſoners by the infidels. We were ſold to an opulent and powerful Turk, the lord of a ſtrong caſtle near to Aſcalon. There he holds in cloſe confinement, and fatigues with heavy labors, my wretched huſband. Me he deſtined to his ſeraglio; but, before he had leiſure or inclination to aſſault my virtue, Providence, which is ever watchful over and affords unexpected aid to innocence, ordained that I ſhould find an opportunity to eſcape, and that all the impediments to my flight ſhould be removed in a manner almoſt miraculous. I have eſcaped from the caſtle; and, guided by the ſame Providence, the firſt man I ſee is a knight, I doubt not, of ſignal generoſity and martial proweſs.—Oh protect me, and ſave my huſband!"

"Lady," ſaid De Montfort, "you ſhall not ſue in vain. You ſhall immediately receive in my camp every accommodation ſuited to your ſex and ſituation, and I plight you my honor that I and my brave followers will at leaſt attempt the reſcue of your huſband; and if he is to be found where you ſay, I cannot fear that we ſhall be unſucceſsful."

On the evening of the ſame day, the Knight informed his martial band of the promiſe he had made to the fair Greek, propoſing to them to ſet out immediately on the expedition againſt the caſtle, of which he offered to them all the plunder, if they would only enable him to fulfil his engagement to Anaſtaſia (ſuch was the name of the ſuppliant fugitive) by reſtoring her her captive huſband. His brave followers aſſented with an eager ſhout, and demanded only to be led inſtantly to the attack. The knight complied with their requeſt, and put himſelf at their head. They arrived at the caſtle in the middle of the night, and immediately commenced the aſſault. After a feeble reſiſtance, the Turks fled on all ſides, their haughty lord being amongſt the foremoſt of the fugitives; and the Engliſh Knight and his brave troops remained the maſters of the place. The firſt and principal object of their attention was to ſearch all the dungeons and places that might be employed as priſons, to diſcover the captive Stephen, the huſband of Anaſtaſia. Their ſearch was long fruitleſs; for though ſeveral priſoners were found whom they reſtored to their liberty, not one of them anſwered to the deſcription they had received of Stephen. At length under a ruined tower, a part of which had been thrown down at their firſt aſſault, they diſcovered a wretched emaciated man who ſeemed near expiring, but who looked up with a ſtrong expreſſion of ſurpriſe when they called him by the name of Stephen. When he had been revived by ſome cordials that were adminiſtered to him, the anſwers he returned to the queſtions of De Montfort ſatisfied the Knight that he was the priſoner of whom he was in queſt.

"Riſe," ſaid he to him; "your ſufferings are at an end. We are Chriſtians: we will put arms in your hands, and you ſhall avenge yourſelf on the infidels."

"Alas!" feebly ſighed the captive, "diſturb me not: I wait for and wiſh my diſſolution. I have loſt all that made life deſirable. Purſue your glorious victories, and leave me to that death which can alone terminate my miſeries and my deſpair."

"Deſpair," exclaimed the Knight, "befits not our faith. We muſt bear up under affliction, and fight the good fight. You know not what happier days Providence may yet have in reſerve for you."

"Oh, it is too late!" cried the ſorrowful captive. He, however, roſe and followed him.

De Montfort having given orders to take an inventory of all the ſpoil found in the caſtle, and directed in what manner it ſhould be apportioned among his troops, according to the promiſe he had made them at ſetting out, returned with all expedition to the camp with the Greek he had liberated from the dungeon. On the way he received from him the narrative of his adventures, which he found exactly conformable to the relation of Anaſtaſia; only that from the moment he had been ſeparated from her he knew nothing of what had happened to her, but ſuppoſed that ſhe had been violated and perhaps murdered by the Turk.

On their arrival at the camp, the Knight introduced his reſcued priſoner to the tent next to his own, which, previouſly to his ſetting out on the expedition, he had allotted for the accommodation of the fair Greek.

"Enter," ſaid he to him, "and let ſurpriſe and joy baniſh deſpair."

At ſight of Anaſtaſia, Stephen ſtood tranſfixed with amazement. They fell into each other's arms; and when the delighted huſband learned that the virtue of his wife had been equally preſerved from ſeduction and from violence, his joy, freed from every alloy of fear or painful diſtruſt, aroſe to an ecſtaſy which admits of no deſcription.

Stephen now willingly accepted the arms offered him by the Knight, and, in various ſkirmiſhes which took place, evinced a courage and preſence of mind that ſurpriſed his patron. But a truce being ſoon after concluded with the Saracens, and King Richard embarking for Europe, De Montfort likewiſe prepared to return to England. As it was difficult to procure any conveyance for Stephen and Anaſtaſia to the country of which they were natives, as they had beſides loſt all the property they had poſſeſſed, and appeared inconſolable at the thought of parting from him to whom they owed liberty and life, and, what was ſtill dearer to them than either, the enjoyment of each other, the generous Knight offered to take them with him to England, and beſtow on them, out of his eſtate, ſufficient land for their maintenance. The propoſal was moſt thankfully accepted, and they arrived ſafely in England; where De Montfort gave them an habitation and a conſiderable tract of ground in the vicinity of his caſtle. There [illegible] and happineſs.

Anaſtaſia brought her huſband a daughter, whom they named Anna, and who as ſhe grew up diſplayed extraordinary beauty, and the moſt attractive graces of manners and of mind. Theodore, De Montfort's ſon, who was only a few years older, was frequently her companion during the age of childhood; and her ripening charms, when maturer years rendered him more ſenſible to their effects, made a ſtrong impreſſion on his heart.

The Knight, his father, perceived the ſigns of the tender attachment which his ſon had conceived for the daughter of the fair Greek, and clearly ſaw the ſymptoms of a correſponding paſſion in Anna. He one day called his ſon to him, and thus addreſſed him:

"Theodore, you now approach the age when you muſt enter the world, and ſupport the honor of the family of which you are born to be the head. You will no doubt aſpire to a marriage alliance ſuitable to your birth. The daughter of the earl of Pembroke appears to me in every reſpect to be ſuch a perſon; and I have received ſuch intimations as incline me to believe that propoſals of marriage would not be unacceptable. She is young and handſome: ſomewhat haughty it may be, but that accords with her rank!"

Theodore was ſo embarraſſed by this harrangue that he could ſcarcely make any reply. He at length confuſedly ſtammered out a few words which conveyed an evaſive anſwer, and availed himſelf of ſome ſlight pretext to quit the preſence of his father as ſoon as poſſible.

He now ſenſibly felt how well he loved Anna. He ſought her, related to her in the moſt artleſs manner all that had paſſed, and accompanied his recital with the warmeſt avowal of his paſſion. She received his declaration with the tendereſt ſympathy, and, before they parted, they mutually vowed, that though their union might be impoſſible, their love for each other ſhould be eternal.

The next day Theodore waited on the knight his father, and told him that he conceived himself as yet too young to marry, that he would first render himself illustrious by martial achievements; and, as a new crusade was preparing, he requested permission to dye his lance in the blood of the infidels.

De Montfort coldly assented to his son's wish, and ordered the necessary preparations for his expedition.

In the mean time a youthful baron, who possessed considerable domains in the neighborhood of De Montfort's estate, found himself so captivated with the charms of the artless Anna, that he was willing to sacrifice at her feet all the pride of birth and rank, and made her an offer of his hand.

This only added to the distress of Anna, who, without assigning any reason, at least not the true one, peremptorily rejected this honorable offer, to the great surprise and even affliction of her parents, and declared her resolution to go into a convent.

De Montfort, who had acted in the manner he had to try the constancy of Theodore and the affection of Anna, now again called his son to him, a few days before he was to embark, and said to him :---

"Tell me, my son, have I conjectured rightly? Do you not nourish in your heart a secret passion for Anna, the daughter of Anastasia? And is it not for her sake that you refused the proposal of marriage I made you, and rather chose to encounter the hardships and dangers of the field?"

Theodore confessed this was the truth.

"I am convinced," added the Knight, introducing to him Anna whom he had previously sent for, that your passion is mutual and constant. You have my consent to your union, and my blessing."

He soon after joined their hands in the presence of Stephen and Anastasia, whose joy and thankfulness cannot be expressed; and Theodore and Anna became the parents of a numerous progeny, equally renowned for their illustrious achievements and their virtues.

ANCIENT TIMES.

IT has been no unusual thing to make a comparison between the ladies of the present day, and those who lived a century ago. If we go but a little further back, to the days of ANNA BULLEN, the contrast seems to present the greatest possible burlesque. In that time very few ladies went to court; the great officers of state left their spouses [illegible] their sporting neighbours. Good madam was then delighted to have a snug country dance in the parlor with the Squire's wife, the parson of the parish and his wife, and perhaps the butler and a couple of chairs to make up the set. She always rose at five o'clock, to see breakfast served in the great hall, which was then a principal meal. Master, mistress, and servants all feasted in the same room, not omitting to relate their dreams of the night. The men, after breakfast, went to the cellar to drink; the lady to her poultry and dairy; and the young ladies to their usual occupations of making their clothes and stockings, weaving and knitting not being then known. At twelve they dined in a room neatly strewed with rushes, and supped a six, which was their greatest entertainment; they then amused themselves with sports and tales till eight, and were all in bed before nine o'clock. With this mode of life compare that of a modern lady of fashion!

ANECDOTE.

DEAN SWIFT had an odd blunt way that was mistaken by strangers for ill nature; it was so odd that there was no describing it but by facts. One evening Gay and Pope went to see him. On their coming in, "Hey day, gentlemen," said the Dean, "what can be the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the great Lords you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor scurvy Dean?" Because we would rather see you than any of them. "Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do, might possibly believe you; but since you are come I must get some supper for you I suppose." No Doctor, we have supped already. "Supped already! that is impossible, why it is not eight o'clock."--Indeed we have. "That's very strange; but, if you had not supped, I must have got something for you; let me see, a couple of lobsters would have done very well---two shillings; tarts, a shilling: but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your time only to spare my pocket." No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you.-- But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me; a bottle of wine two shillings---two and two are four, and one is five; just two and six pence a piece; there Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you, Sir, for I will save anything by you, I am determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of any thing they could say to the contrary, he actually obliged them to take the money.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The enclosed poetry I would wish to see inserted in the Museum---it possesses considerable merit, and I believe has not yet appeared in print. *ANSELM.*

ELEGY,

Written in the Burying-Ground of the People called QUAKERS.

NO sumptuous marble this sad spot beflows,
No consecrated turf can here be seen;
What sweeter fragrance needs the scented rose,
Or brighter verdure, what the purest green?

Pleas'd have I, in the contemplative hour,
Approach'd with serious, solemn, sober tread,
Stopp'd at each grave, and ask'd each weeping flower,
The undistinguish'd merits of the dead.

The drops of dew which each fair mourner bore,
To lift'ning fancy want of words supply'd;
And the grim wave which night's grave matron wore,
Just shew'd that death had spread his ruin wide.

Here the despised sons of virtue rest;
Come, Envy! and, as for thyself afraid,
Turn pale; and beating thy malignant breast,
Swoon at the general wreck that time has made.

How peaceful are their slumbers! Not one breath
Is heard in consort with the midnight air;
Just so their lives; and in the hour of death---
A happy scene of confidence and pray'r.

Worth, in Life's drama, often sighs in vain,
And unrecorded drops into the grave;
But free from censure, and without a stain,
Looks nobly down upon the vicious slave.

I ask no splendid signs of feigned woe,
No bending statues weeping o'er my urn;
Let some dear friend's more real sorrows flow,
And a lov'd country at my exit mourn.

In Memory's page, exulting, I survey
A brighter list than ever struck my eye,
Where dreadful pomp and quaint devices gay
Proclaim the place where Kings and Statesmen lie.

For which more great, or which more happy say,
A hero, in the front of battle slain?
Or he whom peace conducted on his way,
Nor guarded with the olive-branch in vain.
O bless'd Humility! true god-like pride!
Still mayst thou meet with this protecting friend;
And whilst mad myriads with mad mirth deride,
May Peace still guide thee to thy latter end!

Hence! vile Hypocrisy, that speckled form
Which none but poor, degen'rate fools assume;
Those daubings, which the face of Truth deform,
And shade, all-loathsome, her celestial bloom!

Truth asks no aid, but from herself, to save;
Known is her pow'r, and to herself 'tis known;
She plucks the seeking votary from the grave,
And crowns him with a chaplet of her own.

Humbly depending, ONCE, the down-cast eye,
'The modest garb, th' example fair to move,
Drew signs of reverence, and rebuk'd reply,
For ev'ry heart was won and kept by Love.

Here many a Worthy sleeps; and many a tear,
Not flowing from a weak or selfish thought,
Still shews, that virtue, is to virtue dear,
The dead still teaching, and the living taught.

The bad---for such there were---and Candor bleeds
That she to such can only pity give;
But for the good, she glories in their deeds,
Which shall for ages in her memory live.

[The following handsome verses are by CAREW, a poet of the reign of Charles I.]

THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here
The firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose, all bepearl'd with dew;
I strait will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And, bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

SCRAP.

COWARDS are cruel; but the brave
Love Mercy, and delight to save.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO MISS MARY ANN.

IN what language shall I express the happiness enjoyed on reading your last? It relieved my mind from the torture of suspense, and inspired joys hitherto unknown. Not more welcome not more reviving is a secure haven to him who has long been the sport of conflicting elements, than a suitable return from those we love. Of has the frantic swain eluded the gulf of despair, by one soft accent, one gentle word; and with what propriety may I be included in the happy number! Had I been sensible, while the delightful shades of ***** ******* were my abode, that you remained exposed to the power of the pestilence, my share of misery, if possible, would have been augmented.

After the first transports of joy had, in some degree, subsided, I re-perused your epistle with more deliberation, and with additional pleasure. I was happy to find you possessed of an independent spirit to resist the advice of your "gossiping companions," and to enjoy, regardless of their sarcasms, an opinion of your own. Your adoption of the words of the excellent COWLEY, and the sentiments that succeed, excite in my breast the most lively emotions of pleasure.

Should not hopes so fraught with bliss be "quenched by Fortune's wavering breath;" should I witness the happy period when I can call you mine---then, in some sequestered grove, far from the haunts of noise and riot, would we spend the joyous hours, fearless of the voice of scandal, and "careless of to-morrow's fate."

From the continuance of a correspondence with you I promise myself much happiness, and assure you that I look forward with pleasure to the period when the veil will be thrown aside; when no longer shackled by forms, I shall have the unrivalled happiness of throwing myself at your feet, and expressing in all the ardor of virtuous affection the sincerity of my professions, and prove myself worthy your love. O happy hour! let not the found of adverse fortune intervene; smile, ye fates! on our mutual vows and protect, O protect from every ill my unknown charmer! THEODORE.

INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE.

A vessel laden with leather, from Tripoli, was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall. Mr. Simon Eyre, a Shoemaker in a small way of business, in Leadenhall Street, London, raised what money he was able among his friends and travelled on foot to Penzance, where he purchased what leather was saved from the wreck---With this he commenced dealer in leather, and in a few years amassed an immense fortune, with an unblemished character. He built Leadenhall in the year 1419; some time after which he was knighted; and in 1445 Sir Simon discharged the office of Lord Mayor of London, and was the first man that introduced the use of Morocco leather in England.

FALLEN GREATNESS.

AS a smart Bond-Street-Lounger was yesterday tripping Piccadilly, an insolent Putney Coachman shoved the sweet-scented beau off the Kirbstone, near Hatchett's White-Horse Cellar, when, dreadful to relate! there was sudden, unexpected DEMOLITION of the natty-fellow! In his fall, not only the hat and wig gave way, but out drove an eye, off fell an arm, and the very calves of his legs were removed from the proper station! after collecting his scattered FRAGMENTS, he took refuge in a hackney coach and drove off amidst the consternation and laughter of the populace! [Lond. paper.

ANECDOTE.

THE TWO JEWS.

TWO old Jews, who go about the streets dealing in old cloths, passing by a gentleman's stable, were so fascinated by a couple of jackets belonging to two postillions that they could not resist the temptation of adding them to their stock in trade. While they were secreting their prize, the two owners returned from a public house, where they had been drinking a pot of porter, and saw the whole transaction. They rushed out, seized the Israelites, locked them up in the stable, and went in quest of certain things which promised better sport than a prosecution. They then returned, tied the two Jews face to face, and matting together their two beards, smeared with wax, the shoemaker's wax. As soon the wax was cold, and a sufficient number of spectators gathered together, to view the fraternal Jewish hug the postillions, at intervals, applied a few pinches of snuff, which caused such a concussion of noses, and such a sneezing and spluttering in each other's faces, that while it inflicted the severest punishment on the thieves, the spectators were highly pleased with this specimen of distributive justice. [Lond. paper.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, December 10, 1803.

CALAMITY AT MADEIRA.

...extraordinary event happened on Sunday the 9th ...ber, at eight in the evening. The day had been ...ally very cloudy and a continual rain had fallen, ac...panied by squalls, which were not violent, until the ...d sunk beneath the horizon, when the sea appeared ...unusually agitated, and such a darkneſs prevailed, ...n object was not diſcernable at a yard's diſtance----- ...g this progreſs, every perſon remained within their ...s, in ſeeming ſecurity, and wholly unconſcious of ...approaching horror which was deſtined ſo ſhortly to ...them off the earth.

...e clock of the cathedral was ſtriking eight, when an ...aneous ſtorm of terrible lightning and thunder began, ...he rain fell in ſuch torrents, that all the croſs-ſtreets of ...eſtern part of the city of Funchall, were ſuddenly fil...with mud and water above the firſt floor of the houſes, ...h was occaſioned by its being impeded, in ſome mea...from its furious deſcent from the ravines of the moun... into the ſea. At this ſhocking period the ſtouteſt ...felt appalled; nothing was to be heard but the din of ...working in every direction; hundreds of huge ſtones, ...h had been torn from their quarries on the hills three ...s above the town, were tumbling over each other in ...ndous concuſſion, carrying with them, in conjunction ...the deluge churches, convents, ſtreets, trees, bridges, ...ements, and eight hundred human beings in the boſ... of the deep. Whenever a flaſh of lightning penetra... gloom, were ſeen mothers wading through the ...s, up to their chins in water, holding their infants on ...heads with one hand, and endeavoring to catch ſecu... with the other; while thoſe who attempted to aſſiſt ...m, were frequently maimed or killed, by the beams of ...er or wine pipes which floated around them; and the ...preſented a ſcene not leſs awful, though leſs ruinous; ...of the veſſels loſt their cables, anchors and boats, and ...y of the ſeamen were waſhed overboard. The ſhips ...ed, in ſome part or another, ſeveral feet beneath the ...r continually, and all the ſailors who were there on ...diſmal night, whether Americans, Engliſh, or Portu...e, gave themſelves up as loſt men.

Thus, in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time as a few minutes, were ...y hundred individuals carried to their eternal home, ...the very plenitude of an apparent ſecurity; and ſeveral ...ſunds reduced from affluence to poverty: and many ...them, it is probable, in the indulgence of thoſe imper...tions, which conſtitute our criminality or our folly, ...d ſent to their account, "unblanched, unanointed, ...uncaled," Ten thouſand pipes of wine and brandy ...e deſtroyed, and the ſea-ſhore was ſtrewed on the ...ing morning with millions of fragments, among ...ich the mourning ſurvivors of the calamity were ea...ly ſeeking for the dead remains of their relations or ...ends. Several days after, the air of Funchall became ſo ...refcent, from the rotting of the bodies that were buried ...eath the congregated mud and filth, that a peſtilence ...s apprehended: but in conſequence of burning tar and ...ch and other neutralizing combuſtibles, that ſcourge was ...oidentially avoided.

It was remarkable that this deluge, in its courſe, ſwept ...by twenty-nine vineyards that were ſituated on the ſouth ...d ſide of the city; and ſo deciſive was the ruin, that it ...e up all the trees by the roots, and bore away not only ...m, but all the cottages, with their inhabitants, the ...ound, cattle and appurtenances and left the rocky baſis ...bare of vegetation as the cliffs of Norway.---All this af...emblage of objects, were whirled into the RIBEIRA BRA... or mad river, and ingulphed nearly the whole of the ...all town which bears that name.

In this wreck of matter, there was but one human creature ...ed, and that was an infant in a wooden cradle, which ...s lodged among ſome reeds on the ſide of the declivity, ...d when diſcovered, on the enſuing day, was in a profound ...p:--This unconſcious infant was ſaved from its igno...ce of fear, as it is in the nature of fear, to counteract its ...n deſires.

All the veſſels that arrived at Funchall, for ſeveral weeks ...r this miſerable occurrence, gave an account of the dead ...dies, caſks, and boxes, which they had ſeen floating ma... leagues off at ſea; and it is believed that ſome of the ...ews were conſiderably enriched by the contents of many ...the trunks.

The ſmall town of Machico, was likewiſe ruined by this ...gular tempeſt, and many lives were loſt there alſo; which ...ds to a ſuppoſition, that the lamented event was occaſio... by a water-ſpout, that had burſt againſt the ſide of the ...ountain, and diſcharging itſelf down the gullies, produced ...e affective and ſudden diſaſters that all feeling perſon ...uſt deplore: and which, whenever recollected, ſhould operate to remind us of our frailty and our reſponſibility and make us live well, that we may die happily

This is admitted to have been the greateſt civic evil, that has happened ſince the earthquake of Lisbon in 1754, and was the moſt tragical, of its nature that ever happened. Had the younger Pliny been on the ſpot, it would have been adequately detailed.

The property deſtroyed has been eſtimated at upwards of a million of pounds ſterling. [Daily Gaz.

The following Letter accompanied the Donation mentioned in our laſt.

Reſpected Friends at New York,

We, in conſideration of the Report of the Health Committee of New-York, dated Oct 26 (in relation to the poor and needy of that devoted city) who in opening the door for charity and mercy to be extended to thoſe who may be the real objects of charity, give us the privilege of manifeſting our tender and compaſſionate regard for our fellow-men, but more eſpecially for the poor and needy, the widow and orphan, who may be the real ſufferers of that city. While we acknowledge with thankfulneſs the ſpecial notice and protection of God in the enjoyment of health amongſt us, with a fulneſs of temporal bleſſings and proſperity in the labor and work of our hands; we therefore feel it to be our duty and privilege to ſend to thy ſpecial care and diſpoſal the ſum of Three Hundred and Twenty Six dollars and Fifty Cents, and the following articles of produce, viz.

353 lb Pork--159 lb Beef.
1744 lb Mutton---1685 lb Rye Flour.
52 buſhels Rye---24 do Beans.
179 do Potatoes--34 do Carrots.
2 do dried Apples---2 do Beets.

All of which we deſire may be religiouſly for the relief and comfort of the poor and needy, the widow and fatherleſs, of that city only, as it is the donation of the ſmall community vulgarly called Shakers, of New-Lebanon and Hancock. We place ſpecial truſt and confidence in thee, that the ſame will be improved according to our faith and deſire; we alſo ſhould conſider it as a favor to receive information from thee by letter of the receipt thereof.

Dated at New Lebanon, in the County of Columbia, this 16th day of Nov. 1803.

From your Friends,

DAVID MEACHAM,
ZACHEUS STEPHENS,
AMOS HAMMOND,
DANIEL GOODRICH,
DANIEL GOODRICH, jr.
} Overſeers of ſaid Community.

To the Mayor and Common Council of the City of New-York.

NB. The above deſcribed produce was collected and put up in haſte by the perſons of the diffrent families in the community, conſequently was not put up according to cuſtom, although the weight and meaſure was carefully taken as mentioned in the letter. The freight of the above mentioned is meant to be paid out of the monies received.

In behalf of the others, we ſign ourſelves and them,

DAVID MEACHAM,
DANIEL GOODRICH.

IN COMMON COUNCIL,

Nov. 28 1803.

A communication was received from ſeveral members of the Society of Believers at Lebanon and Hancock, accompanied by a very liberal donation for the relief of the poor in this city.

Ordered, that the ſame be entered on the minutes, and that the Mayor be requeſted to expreſs the thanks of this board to the ſaid ſociety, with aſſurances that the Donation ſhall be applied in the manner they have directed.

Extract from the minutes,

T. WORTMAN, Clerk.

To David Meacham, Zacheus Stephens, Amos Hammond Daniel Goodrich, Daniel Goodrich jun. and the other members of the community of Believers, at New Lebanon and Hancock:---

It affords me great pleaſure to acknowledge, in behalf of the Corporation, your bountiful donation to the poor of this city, and to communicate to you our thanks upon the occaſion.

Be aſſured that the money and other articles which you have ſo liberally ſupplied ſhall be faithfully diſtributed among the poor and needy, the widows and fatherleſs, who have ſuffered by the calamity which recently prevailed in this city.

To employ ſo large a portion of the funds of your meritorious induſtry in relieving the helpleſs children of poverty, muſt entitle you to the eſteem of our fellow-men, and that you may reap your reward in the ſmiles of the great Diſpenſer of all good, is the ſincere prayer of your friend,

DEWITT CLINTON.

New-York, December 2, 1803,

COURT OF HYMEN.

THE faithful hand does, unobſerv'd, impart
The tender feelings of the melting heart;--
But oh! what bliſs when each alike is pleas'd,
The hand that ſqueezes and the hand tha's ſqueez'd!

MARRIED,

On Friday Nov. 11, by the Rev. Mr Pilmore, Mr ETHAN S BANCKER, of this city, to Miſs ABIGAIL SICKELS, of Charleſton.

On Thurſday evening laſt week, Mr JOHN BONSALL, jun. to Miſs ANN HICK, daughter of Mr Paul Hick, all of this city.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr Kunzie, Mr JOHN A. WINANS, of Elizabeth-Town, to Miſs MARY HOGAN, of Ireland.

At New-London, Mr MORGAN, of this city, to Miſs BETSEY PETERS, of that place.

DIED,

On Sunday morning laſt, of a lingering illneſs, Mr HENRY DESFEUILLES, a native of Lorraine in France.

On Monday morning, in the 34th year of his age, the Rev. Mr ROBERT SMITH, Paſtor of the Preſbyterian Church, in Savannah, (Georgia)

On Wedneſday, Mrs LUDLOW, wife of Daniel Ludlow, Eſq.

The City Clerk reports that 43 perſons died in this city during the week ending on Saturday laſt 20 of whom were adults, and 23 children.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

FLEETING youth flies faſt away,
Morning now--meridian day
Succeeds---evening comes apace,
Ending man's unſteady race:
Youth O Youth! then mindful be,
Make your aim felicity;
Not the joy the world beſtows,
Intermix'd with bitter woes,---
But let VIRTUE be your guide,
Live and die on VIRTUE's ſide.
Then eternity you'll know,
Free from evils, free from woe;
God, the great Omnipotence,
Sure will give a recompence,
He'll reward the virtuous youth
Who adheres to ſacred truth.

Greenſburgh, Dec. 6 W. C.

EPIGRAM.

TO lovely WOMAN---fair, but chatt'ring race,
Nature, with reaſon, gave a beardleſs face;
"For as," ſaid ſhe, "their tongues they never ſave,
What cutting will they ſuffer--if they ſhave!"

ANECDOTE.

A learned gentleman, in one of the eaſtern States, who profeſſes himſelf maſter of SIX TONGUES adverſtises for a wife. He may poſſibly meet with his MATCH.

☞ A Charity Sermon will be preached at St. Paul's, to-morrow morning, and a COLLECTION made for the Epiſcopal Charity School.

☞ To-morrow afternoon a CHARITY SERMON will be preached at the Methodiſt Church, in John-ſtreet, and a COLLECTION made for the ſupport of the Methodiſt Free School.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be preſented, (ad time) a COMEDY in 3 acts, called

The Maid of Briſtol.

To which will be added, The

Firſt Floor.

JOHN HARRISSON,
HAS FOR SALE AS USUAL,
TICKETS
Whole, in Halves, and Quarters,
IN THE LOTTERY FOR ASSISTING THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR WIDOWS WITH SMALL CHILDREN.
☞ Tickets regiſtered and examined as uſuals

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE TRAVELLER,

A PARODY.

AT the close of the day, when the journey is o'er,
And the host's venal welcome his strangers obtain,
When the loud voice of riot is heard at each door,
And nothing without but the wind and the rain;
'Twas then at an inn, from his mistress afar,
A traveller, in moral-struck mood, thus begun,
Alternate with nature, or virtue at war:
He thought as a sage, or he felt as a man.

"Ah! why are these accents expressive of woe?
Why thus pensive, bar-maid, now chaunt a sad strain?
For each morn as it rolls, shall a lover bestow,
And thy bosom shall beat—with no throbbing of pain
Yet if pity inspire thee, Oh! cease not thy lay,
Does a friend, loves sad victim, thus cause thee to morn?
Ah! trust not to charms which with time pass away,
They fly with your years, but they never return.

"Now pouting her red lip, and glancing a frown,
The chamber-maid haughtily passes me by.
But lately, she smil'd and I thought her my own,
So loving the lustre that beam'd from her eye;
Pass on, pretty maid, for I will not pursue,
The path way of virtue shall guide thee to joy;
But honor once faded, no chance can renew,
Ah! trust not the flatt'rer who smiles to destroy!

"'Tis night, and the votaries of Love blush no more,
I mourn, yes, ye frail ones, my mourning's for you,
No patches or paint, your lost charms can restore,
When the sweet blush of modesty bids you adieu.
Yet 'tis not for the ravage of time that I mourn,
Tho' beauty's soft dimple your care cannot save:
I weep for the stigma that's stamp'd on your urn,
And blights the young blossoms that blush on your grave.

"In youth, by the flame of my passions betray'd,
Which led to bewilder, and dazzl'd to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from each nymph of the shade,
Nor car'd for the sorrows that press'd sure behind!
But dearest MARIA! my follies are o'er,
How vile were the wretch who could wander from thee!
Remorse with her scorpions shall lash me no more,
Since beauty and virtue have once made me free.

"And now ye frail females, whom love leads astray,
When you shrink from derision, dejected, forlorn,
No more shall your curses bedarken my day,
Or taint with my name, the sweet dew-drops of morn;
Soft sympathy whispers, Your sorrows are ending,
That the spoiler will shudder, while blasting your bloom;
That slander will pause o'er the bosom that's rending,
And tears of compassion be shed on its tomb."

PROTEUS.

SONG.

AH, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow!
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say
"Be calm, thine ills will end to-morrow."

The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm, disease or grief relieving!
And am I ever doom'd to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving?

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not, with thee part,
Since I, alas! with THEE must perish.

ANECDOTES.

A Jack Tar, growing sick of his business, deserted his ship, went into the country, and hired himself to a farmer. He was immediately set to ploughing, with a yoke of oxen and an old mare, called Jin. The sailor being wholly unacquainted with the management of the tacks, sheets, and bowlines of his old mare and oxen, in his first attempt to put about, miss'd stays, and, by turning the yoke, threw Jin and he oxen all down in a heap together. Jack, frightened with the confusion, bawled out for help. The farmer asked "what is the matter?" Matter! matter enough, by conscience, replied Jack, "the larboard ox has got on the starboard side—old Jin has got foul in the rigging, and they are all going to the devil stern foremost."

A Gentleman of Leeds, in his description of his ELOPED wife, says "she has a TONGUE THAT CUTS LIKE A RAZOR"

MORALIST.

THE advantages derived from unanimity and friendship are so many and apparent, that it seems almost impossible to believe they are not universally cultivated; and every day's experience must convince an observing mind, that every amiable impression springs from the nurture of philanthropy and benevolence; and that the various vices which disgrace our nature, multiply in proportion to the decrease of domestic bliss! He who is capable of despising those bonds which consanguinity and affection jointly frame, is seldom proof against the allurements of vice; for his heart is callous to the voice of persuasion, and self-enjoyment is the only object of his desire.

The being who would study his own happiness should invariably consider that of others; and by trying to augment their cup of felicity, he will not fail to increase his own. The savage who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or spleen, bear an equal resemblance to the separated ember, which is incapable of communicating either warmth or light. He who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband, and the friend, and to laugh at those ties which embellish human nature, imperceptibly acquires a ferocity of manners, that absolutely degrades the very name of man.

PHILOS

NEW NOVEL,

This day published by BURNTON and DARLING, No. 116 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel; ZAIDA or the DETHRONEMENT of MUHAMMED IV; a novel founded on historic facts, translated from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue, never before published in the English language; to which is added an historic drama called the BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN, by the same author.

MISS SULLIVAN

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she has opened a DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL, in Cherry-Street No. 99, a few doors from the New-Slip, for the reception of Young Ladies. She flatters herself, by her attention to the intellects and improvement of those who may be intrusted to her care, to merit a liberal share of encouragement. Those Ladies who would wish to be completed in writing, by applying to Miss Sullivan will be taught that art in a few lessons only; and such as cannot make it convenient to come to her School, she will if required, attend them at their houses.

N B. Cards of the terms may be had at No. 63 Cherry Street, or at her School. Dec. 3. tf.

M. WATSON,

No. 18 Dey street has just opened an elegant assortment of CHILDSBED LINEN gentlemen's embroidered Shirts, Cravats, and Shirt Handkerchiefs, &c. also, Sheets, Towels, &c. &c. Nov. 19.

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleansing, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, commonand scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 25

ROBERT M'MENNOMY,

No. 72 John-street, offers for sale,
177 bbls prime, 40 do mess, 19 do cargo Pork,
17 do prime Beef,
20 Spanish fancy figured rush mats,
London particular MADEIRA WINE, in pipes, hogsheads and qr. casks. (Nov 5

FASHIONABLE MILLINARY,

Just imported from London, and now selling off to close sales, being an elegant assortment of Silk Plush Hats, Straw and Chip Hats and Bonnets, Caps, &c. Some patterns of Sarsenet Muslin for Gowns, or Fur Gowns ready made, Trimming, &c. The above will be seen at 144 William street corner of Fair street. Nov. 19. 1 ¶

Where Nature, sometimes erring on her pa
The decent finish must be left to art;
With trivial labor may the hand remove
The small cutaneous obstacles to love.
The change reflected from the faithful glass
See what it is, and think on what it was!
While Pride, exulting at the happy change,
And Beauty, more at liberty to range,
No more enamor'd of plebeian things,
But settles in the golden lap of kings.

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Sk
particularly
Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Tan, Sun
Shingles, Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of
description, Prickley Heat, Redness of the Nose,
Arms, &c. &c.
Are effectually and speedily cured by
Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTIO

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the
It has been administered by the proprietor for fevers
in Europe and America with the greatest success.
simple application of this fluid, night and morning,
remove the most rancorous and alarming fluxes in the
It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the
qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without
their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended
certain and efficatious remedy, and a valuable and
indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely super
the common wash—Cream drawn from Violets and
from Roses! Suffice it however to say, it has bee
ministered to many thousands in the United States a
Indies with the greatest and most unparalleled success
without even a single complaint of its inefficacy. A
bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to prove its
Price 75 cents.

☞ Prepared and sold at Church's Dispensary, No.
Front-street, near the Fly-Market, N. York. Dec.

N. SMITH,

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New-York
Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Rose,
114 Broadway, opposite the City-Hotel.

SMITH's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redne
sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving
skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving.—with printed directions,—6s. 8s. and
per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair,
keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and
per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.—do.
let, double scented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomat
1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s.

His white almond Wash Ball, 2s. and 3s each.
good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s & 3s. Do. Vegeta

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and ch
and leaves them quite smooth, 2s and 4s per box.

His fine cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds
roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable

Smith's Savonette Royal Paste, for washing the skin
king it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as ab
with directions. 4s and 8s per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Te
and Gums, warranted, 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color
the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosme
for immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, w
every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shin
Liquid Blacking——Almond Powder for the Skin, 5s.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the h
in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on
chemical principle, to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, elastic Razor Str
Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen Knives, Scissors, T
toise-shell, Ivory and Horn Combs, Superfine white Sn
Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will
only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free fro
adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfume
Great allowance to those who sell again.

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BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.
Paid in advance.